

The Keepers' Reunion

A Poem



Familiar Boulder Town:

the old hotel, health on wheels,
jugglers, drummers, street
artists...

Creek paths beckoning and
clean mountain energy that
invites you to soar.

These appear as stage props
waiting for us to move
to our marks in the circle.

Gathered in this place,
we are carriers
of energy and love.
The breathing spirit
is no longer a ghost.

We feel the fire of the Flame
like the beginning
of a new season
bringing new be-longings.

We are connectors
and we are connected.
A sense of renewal
and hope returns.

Our words express this
deep recognition:

how much we need community
to be all that we can be.

Here, each of us
can bring our offerings
and continually grow.
Here, we find our voice,
our joy... our angst
in not being finished.

We are close, no longer needing
the protective masks
fear carved for us.
We are joined in mission –
Keepers of the Flame.

We are authentic beings!
We have unwrapped
our knowing to
find the only gift worth giving
or getting from another
is the gift of self.

Having all that,
how could we not
keep the Flame glowing bright?



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